

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, JR.

VOL. 13—NO. 48.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1867.

Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 671.

TERMS.

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Making Castor-oil Out of "Culled Pussons."

The Washington City Star says: "As strange as it may appear, many of the colored people here cherish the belief that there is a class of physicians who practice 'barking,' and are addicted to the dissecting of live human subjects for the purpose of manufacturing castor-oil, and that for this purpose the doctors prefer bodies with a dark cuticle. This opinion is so firmly impressed on their minds, that no amount of reasoning will remove it, and we know many of them, particularly juvenile Africans, who will not budge a foot outside their dwellings after dark. An otherwise intelligent 'Topsy,' employed by us, describes the modus operandi of these imaginary ghouls, by saying: 'Dey steal upon culled pussons unware, clap a plaster over deir moaf to keep em from hollerin', and den drag um way to whar dey lay um on a table and cut em up, and den bile um down for ile.' This is a cheerful notion for those invalids who use the oil of the palma christa bean as a cathartic.
"The Annapolis (Md.) Republican states that a similar belief prevails among the colored people in that section, and it probably exists elsewhere. How it originated is impossible to tell."

A New Orleans letter to the New York World, says:

It is said, and I have reason to believe it to be true, that the case of the succession of A. J. Butler, before the Surrogate in your city, is to be made the occasion for legal overhauling of the transactions of the two Butlers in regard to their little business transactions here, in which Andrew is alleged to have employed the military authority of his brother to make money.

Several cases of this kind have been made up and sent forward to be presented, in the nature of reclamations against the estate. There are assurances given that the Probate Judge will give full opportunity for a fair inquiry into such facts as may be brought in proof before him.

Fletcher, of Missouri, levied war against the government of the United States, and assaulted the offices and officers of the Federal Government. The bogus Jacobin Constitution of Missouri expressly acknowledges the supreme sovereignty and authority of the United States. There has been no effort made by the loyalists to suppress this treasonable rebellion by a loyal Governor. The Rads have come to think that it is as creditable to rebel against Andrew Johnson as it was atrocious to rebel against the sainted Lincoln.

Mrs. A. E. Shattuck, of Clifton, Pierce county, Iowa, has obtained a judgment against the town for \$4,000 for injuries sustained in being thrown from a wagon, in driving over a piece of bad road.

Preparing Frogs in Italy.

An Italian correspondent of the London Times, says: "From my observations, I am disposed to think the Italians are greater frog-eaters than the French of the present day. The preparation of the amphibious food is a sight, and not a very pleasant one, any morning in the main market. The process is as follows: A number of old women sit upon low stools, having before them a basket nearly covered with a coarse wet cloth, and on their left hand a sack. The sack contains green frogs, middle sized animals, with long legs and speckled bodies. The left hand dives into the sack and fishes out a frog, which is forthwith decapitated by means of a knife or a pair of small shears, in form like those of a shepherd. The next thing is to get rid of the skin."

The frog evidently does not belong to the race of tight-skinned animals, for by a single dextrous twitch the green coat is reversed and stripped off to the very tips of the basket. This, one might suppose, would be the close of froggy's struggle upon earth; but, horrible to relate, the tenacious vitality of these amphibians—muscular, let us hope, but not sensitive—survives both skinning and beheading. In the basket the frog corpses, mingled in a semi-transparent, gelatinous mass, quiver and wriggle, and occasionally seem to be wrestling with each other, while from time to time an individual of tough vitality and active habits actually goes headless from the torture-basket, and perching its ghastly little frame on the edge of the damp canvass which partly covers the receptacle, grins horribly at his executioner, out of his open throat.

COULDN'T BEAR PROSPERITY.—A good-for-nothing looking wretch was brought up, charged with drunkenness. It was a clear case. The testimony showed that he had been on a spree for a week. He was asked what he had to say for himself.

"Well, yer Honor," said he, "me and my old woman never did live easy together."

"That's no excuse for getting drunk," said the court.

"You're right, yer Honor, and it aint. We used to fight like cats and dogs together."

"Drinking only made it worse," put in the court.

"That's true; she discouraged the life out of me and kept me poor, until last week; when—"

"Well, what did she do last week?"

"She died, yer Honor."

"And you have been drunk ever since?"

"Yes, yer Honor; I never could bear prosperity."

NO REBEL TO HAVE PUBLIC LAND.—In the House of Representatives, Wednesday, the following was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the act, approved June 24, 1866, for the disposal of the public lands for homestead actual settlement in certain States there- in mentioned, as to require the applicant, from and after the 1st of January, 1867, to make oath that he has not borne arms against the United States, or given aid and comfort to its enemies."

The latest Chicago sensation is the runaway and marriage of a couple of children, aged respectively twenty-one and fourteen. The naughty couple journeyed to Buffalo in a sleeping-car, where they were married, and after two weeks of married life, concluded to dissolve partnership, for which purpose the bride files a bill alleging that "he" worked upon her feelings, and asking that her chains be broken.

Is Trouble Brewing in Europe?

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes:

"Another French movement has led to considerable excitement and discussion. At this moment, when the whole world is at peace and no threatening cloud appears upon the horizon—nay, when the very capital of the Empire is about to be thrown open to welcome the whole world to its magnificent exhibition of the harmless result of industry and art—at this precise moment it is announced that the effective military force of the Empire is to be at once increased more than fifty per cent. In other words, the present standing army of 800,000 men is to be increased to 1,200,000. With such a force as this the Empire may defy the world, and the probability is that the Emperor, snubbed, as he recently has been, by Prussia, and baffled in his Mexican enterprise, means simply to acquire and maintain the reputation for France of being the greatest military power in the world. It may be that he has ulterior designs, for the Rhine is not yet the French boundary, and Waterloo is not yet avenged. At all events, the movement is an extraordinary one."

Steamship Stopped by a Whale.

Commander E. Simpson, of the U. S. steamer Mohican, reports from Ceara, Brazil, November the 7th, the arrival of the vessel at that place. He states that on the afternoon of the 30th ult., when off the Sencoe Grands, 100 miles east of Maranhao, the back of a large fish was seen about a cable's length from the ship, inclined diagonally toward her, and a few moments afterward the engines suddenly stopped. The steam was let off and a hurried examination made, but no cause could be discovered for the remarkable result. Steam was turned on, but the engines could not be forced ahead. At this time several pools of blood were seen to rise to the surface of the water at the stern. After a few moments it was discovered that a large black fish or whale had been caught between the propeller and frame. The shock on the engine was very great, and rendered it necessary to stop several times during the following twenty-four hours to screw up all parts of the engine, thus exhibiting the jar it had received. No farther injury seemed to have been done.

Some time since a gentleman was indicted in Alabama before a grand jury for some offence against the State—perhaps treason. His counsel claims that no such State as Alabama exists, and therefore the grand jury was bogus. The case is to be taken before the Supreme Court to decide whether Alabama is a State or not; and we are informed by telegraph that the Supreme Court will decide the question in the affirmative. Thus the troubles gather around our radical friends.

The proprietor of a mammoth distillery at Pittsburg has just made a return for the closing year, from which it appears that the amount of whisky shipped by him, in bond, amounts to 260,079 gallons. The United States revenue tax on this, at \$2 per gallon, amounts to \$520,158, and city tax amounts to \$160,765, making a total, in the way of taxes, of \$680,923.

A member of the Legislature of Vancouver's Island recently spoke for 17 consecutive hours to defeat an obnoxious measure, and carried his point.

The power of the country is in Radical hands. Possible it may never be in better. It can never be in worse.

Temple of the Muses.

Courtship and Marriage.

In the days of his courtship through Eden I wooed
Walked Adam, with Eve by his side:
A beautiful couple, they pressed the soft green,
As each park of the garden they tried.

They kissed and caressed, as all fond lovers must,
Gazing each on the other's fair brow;
They swore by the stars, by the moon pledged
Their trust.

'Twas as those who are courting do now.

The nightingale sung in the tall palm-tree's top,
While sighed the soft wind ere 't would pass;
And the red roses ran on the green hill-side up,
Where the turtle doves cooed in the grass.

No neighbors they had, and the day dragged
So slow

That they gazed, when night came, with a
Sigh

On the rich mellow fruit that hung tempting
Them so,

Till they plucked—so had you done, or I.

'Twas scandal, a shame," the constabulary bawled:
"Shall he take fallen Eve for his own?"
So to better the matter, was suddenly called
An angel, with mitre and gown.

Oh! then came the bans, and a wedding off-
hand

Smoothly done up was all in a trice.

It was over—but then gleam with a bright flaming
brand

Drove them out of their loved Paradise!

O'er the deserts of wadlock, with hearts grow-
ing cold,

Told they sent in the midst of life's bother:
"One kiss sent them back to their Eden of old,
But they never again kissed each other."

Adorned young maiden! accepted youngswain!
To your wedding press on, if you will,
But your Eden of courtship ne'er turn to again;
For the angel stands guarding it still.

WAR AND PEACE.

The warrior waves his standard high,
His falchion flashes in the fray;
He madly shouts his battle-cry,
And glories in a well-fought day.

But famine's at the city gate,
And Rapine prowls about the walls.

The country round lies desolate,
While havoc's blighting footsteps fall.

By ruined hearths—by homes defiled—
In scenes that Nature's visage mar:

We feel the storm of passion wild,
And pluck the bitter fruit of war.

The cobweb hangs on sword and belt,
The charger draws the gliding plow;

The cannon in the furnace melt;
And change to gentle purpose now.

The threshers swing their ponderous flails;
The craftsmen toil with cheerful might;

The ocean swarms with merchant sails,
And busy mills look gay by night.

The happy land becomes renewed,
As knowledge, art, and wealth increase,

And thus with Plenty smiling round,
We call the blessed Fruits of Peace.

Josh Billings' Proverbs.

A puppy plays with every pup
he meets, but old dogs have but
few associates.

It is dreadful easy to repent of
other folks' sins—but not very
profitable.

I wonder if there was an old
maid who ever heard of a match
that she thought was suitable.

Most people decline to learn on-
ly by their experience. And I
guess they are more than I right,
for I do not 'spose a man can get a
perfect idee on molasses candy, by
lettin another feller taste it for him.

An individual to be a fine gen-
tleman, has either to be born so or
brought up so from infancy; he
can't learn it sudden any more than
he can learn to talk Injun correct-
ly by practicing on the tomahawk.

I have often set down under the
ice, by having my feet git out
of place, but I never could see
anything to laugh at, especially if
there was some water on top of
the ice; but I notice that other
folks can.

If any man wants to be an old
batchelor, and get sick in a board-
ing tavern; and have a back room
in the fourth story, and have a red
haired chambermaid bring his wa-
ter gruel to him in a wash basin, I
have always said, and stick to it
yet, he has got a perfect right to
do it.

A man died at the hotel in North
Adams, Mass., Christmas day, and
could not be buried for a week ow-
ing to the snow.

Some men keep very savage dogs
around their houses, so that the
hungry poor who stop "to get a
bite," may get it outside the door.

Millard Fillmore is one of the
Democratic candidates for United
States Senator from New York.

Caught in His Own Trap.

A girl, young and pretty, and
above all, gifted with an air of
admirable candor, lately pre-
sented herself before a Parisian law-
yer.

"Monsieur, I have come to con-
sult you upon a grave affair. I
want you to oblige a man I love
to marry me in spite of himself.
How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had,
of course, an elastic conscience.
He reflected a moment, and then
being sure that no third person
overheard him, replied hesitating-
ly:

"Mademoiselle, according to
our law, you always possess the
means of forcing a man to marry
you. You must remain on three
occasions alone with him; you
can then go before a judge and
swear he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?"
"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one
further condition."

"Well!"

"Then you will produce wit-
nesses who will make oath to
having seen you remain a good
quarter of an hour with the in-
dividual said to have trifled with
your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will
retain you as counsel in this affair.
Good day."

A few days afterwards the
young lady returned. She was
mysteriously received by the law-
yer, who scarcely gave her time
to seat herself, and questioned her
with the most lively interest.

"Capital, capital."

"Persevere in your design,
Mademoiselle; but mind, the next
time you come to consult me give
me the name of the young man
you are going to make so happy
in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterwards the
young lady again knocked at the
door of the counsel's room. No
sooner was she within than she
flung herself into a chair, saying
that the walk had made her breath-
less. Her counsel endeavored to
reassure her, made her inhale salts,
and even proposed to unlouse her
garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," she
said, "I am much better."

"Well, now tell me the name of
the fortunate mortal."

"Well, then, the fortunate mor-
tal, be it known to you, is—your-
self!" said the young beauty,
bursting into a laugh. "I love
you; I have been here three times
tete-a-tete with you, and my four
witnesses are below, ready and wil-
ling to accompany me to a magis-
trate," gravely continued the nar-
rator.

The lawyer, thus caught, had
the good sense not to get angry.
The most singular fact of all is
that he adores his young wife,
who, by the way, makes an excel-
lent housekeeper.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—A dis-
gusted Southerner in Canada writes
the following ode to the snow and
frost of that country:

Oh! the frost, the freezing frost,
biting our nose as we go; all sense
of feeling is utterly lost, and our
zeal for the beautiful snow. The
Northern king a tribute has wrung,
in the shape of a pearly tear, which
a moment ago like a dew drop
hung, from the point often graced
with a sneer. Oh! the frost, the
delectable frost that finds us
wherever we go, wrapped in its
fearsome shroud like a ghost, and
conveying for our meridian blood a
thorough disgust for those senti-
mental donkeys who hypocritically
prate of the beautiful snow.

Some men keep very savage dogs
around their houses, so that the
hungry poor who stop "to get a
bite," may get it outside the door.

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States Senator from New York.

How I Became a Gambler.

Although I belong to that de-
spised fraternity of gamblers, I
have always made it a rule to ad-
vise young men to shun the gaming
tables, that they may avoid the
rock on which I split; and I will
now offer through your paper
some suggestions to the heads of
families on the subject of social
card playing.

I was at least twenty years of
age, and had lived some months
in New York, before I ever knew
the names of ordinary playing
cards—but the importance of a
thorough education in the science
of games was soon made apparent
to me, and in a quarter whence I
least expected it. Boarding in
Broadway, I gradually formed an
acquaintance with a number of
highly respectable families. By
one of these I was invited to at-
tend a social party. The heads
of this family I knew to be mem-
bers of an evangelical church, and
you may judge of my surprise,
when I made my entry into the
parlor, to behold most of the com-
pany, together with my pious
friends, deeply engaged at play—
not the play of innocence, but of
depraved gamblers! The father
of the family was engaged at
chess, while the wife presided at
a card table; their children were
among the whist players, and oth-
ers of the company were engaged
at backgammon, dominoes and
checkers!

The wine circulated freely, and
all seemed happy but myself, who
in such a party was a barbarian.
I could do nothing but look on and
confess my ignorance or occasion-
ally engage in conversation with
some old lady, whilst—

"The young and gay!"
Were all engaged in play."

It is needless to add that I spent
a very unhappy evening, and that
I resolved at once to acquire an
education so necessary to the main-
tenance of a respectable standing
in good society! I was not long,
therefore, in mastering the myste-
ries of high, low, jack and the
game, and whist; and a sight of
these led me to desire for further
information; until at last I was an
adept at every variety of games,
able to teach others, and was a fa-
vorite partner wherever I went.

I became exceedingly fond of cards,
and as they were introduced into
every social circle where I was ad-
mitted, my fondness gradually rip-
ened into a passion, which clings
to me even to this hour.

No better illustration of the
dangers of card playing can be
given than my own history. In the
parlors of respectable families
I acquired a taste for play, which
finally became an all-absorbing
passion, knowing no bounds, and
rapidly hurrying me down the
road to ruin, where all is misery,
desolation and death! But my
case is not a solitary one—thous-
ands of gamblers have been made
in the same way—and tens of
thousands have fallen before this
terrible vice, in consequence of a
taste for play being formed in the
family circle.

SIZE OF NAILS.—The following
table will show any one at a glance
the length of the various sizes
and the number of nails in a
pound. They are rated "3-penny"
up to "20-penny." The first
column gives the number, the
second the length in inches, and
the third the number per pound—
that is:

3-penny	1 inch	557 nails lb
4-penny	1 1/4 inches	553 nails lb
5-penny	1 1/2 inches	522 nails lb
6-penny	1 3/4 inches	492 nails lb
7-penny	2 inches	441 nails lb
8-penny	2 1/4 inches	401 nails lb
10-penny	2 3/4 inches	358 nails lb
12-penny	3 inches	324 nails lb
14-penny	3 1/4 inches	291 nails lb
16-penny	3 1/2 inches	261 nails lb
18-penny	3 3/4 inches	231 nails lb
20-penny	4 inches	201 nails lb

From this table an estimate of
quantity and suitable sizes for any
job of work can be easily made.

Cure for Colic in Horses.

A turfman furnishes the follow-
ing to the Rural World:

"A great many valuable horses are
annually killed by being drenched
with various medicines recom-
mended by quacks. Let me
tell you readers the best remedy
for either flatulent or spasmodic
colic that I have ever seen tried.
It is to give copious injections of
warm water to move the bowels,
and when that is done your horse
is safe. I have seen many horses
cured by this treatment, and none
killed. All those treated have
speedily recovered."

"If drenching will be persisted
in, take a handful of ground gin-
ger and put it in a quart of water
and let it boil for fifteen minutes,
and when it cools pour it down
the throat of the horse. This
warms the stomach and bowels
and is an excellent remedy. Let
any person violently attacked
with colic drink ginger tea, thus
prepared, and he will find speedy
relief. And what is good for man
in sickness is good for a horse
with the same sickness. Man is
an animal, as well as a horse; and
medicines good for the disease of
one is good for the disease of the
other—the world over."

Piquant Jokes.

"Mack," of the Cincinnati Com-
mercial, is responsible for the fol-
lowing joke on a Radical Congress-
man:

"What book is that you've got?"
said one Congressman to another,
the bearer of two volumes just
obtained from the library.

"Rousseau's Confessions," was
the reply.

"Confessions! What did the d-
fool confess for? The House
passed a vote of censure on him,
and couldn't do no more."

"Oh, that ain't the Rousseau."
This is a man who lived in France
a hundred years ago, or more.—
Haven't you heard of him?"

"No. I thought you meant the
fellow from Kentucky."

And for the following:

"A brother of Mr. Fessenden is
one of the examiners-in-chief in
the Patent office; salary \$3,000,
not \$3,500 per annum."

"We are informed from a source
to be relied upon, that the Sen-
ator never asked for his brother's ap-
pointment, nor had any knowl-
edge of its having been made un-
til he saw it announced in the
newspapers."

"That looks very like a whale,"
doesn't it? The Senator's broth-
er appointed to an office right here
in Washington—and the Senator
not to know it, till the truth flashed
upon him in the columns of the
daily papers! It calls to mind the
story told of one of our Generals
in the late war—Turchin, wasn't
it?—who deliberately went to
sleep in order to be innocent of the
sacking of a Southern town. "I
goes to sleep for one hour, boys;
I knows nuttings of what you
does all that while."

HOME-MADE VINEGAR.—Every
family may make its own vinegar.
The Maine Farmer publishes the
receipt for making it, furnished by
a lady. She took the parings and
cores of apples, poured on boiling
water, with a little molasses and
yeast, put all in a large stone jar
and kept it where it was moder-
ately warm. In three weeks it
was good, sharp vinegar.

"If two men, not being rela-
tives, should each marry the
daughter of the other, in which
relationship will be the offspring
of said two marriages stand to
each other!"

A ghost has appeared to the
relict of a late lamented delinquent
subscriber to the Lynchburg (Va.)
News, saying: "Jesse, pay my
newspaper accounts and let me
rest in peace!"